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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

IVANHOE.

Ivanhoe; a Romance. By the Author of 'Waverley,' &c. Edinburgh and London. 1820. Crown 8vo. 3 vols.

Jedediah Cleishbotham of Ganderclough has become "Lawrence Templeton of Toppingwold, near Egremont, Cumberland;" and the mighty wizard of Abbotsford (for we have no doubt of the Scot) has transferred his spells to English ground. Aware how apt even our most favourable readers would be to skip our exordium, on an occasion like the present, we shall not put our credit to the risk by one prefatory observation, but leap at once to *Ivanhoe*.

A dedicatory epistle from Mr. Templeton to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust, F. A. S. of York, contains an excellent dissertation on this species of composition; points out the difficulties in painting the manners of other times accurately, and lays down rules so facetiously and yet so just in their application, that the whole may be consulted by future writers, as canonical law upon the subject. The design of this particular publication is also defined, and in these words: "I cannot but think it strange, that no attempt has been made to obtain an interest for the traditions and manners of Old England, similar to that which has been excited in behalf of those of our poorer and less celebrated neighbours. The Kendal green, though its date is more ancient, ought surely to be as dear to our feelings as the variegated tartans of the north. The name of Robin Hood, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of Rob Roy; and the patriots of England deserve no less their renown in our modern circles, than the Bruces and the Wallaces of Caledonia."

Ivanhoe is a *Romance*, and partakes more of that character than any of the preceding *Novels* of the author. This distinction arises out of the nature of the age to which it belongs. We may almost say, that there was then no domestic life in England; and very little of social feeling. Tyranny and Slavery, Voluptuousness and Misery, divided the land: there were no gradations of rank, no security of property except what brute force gave to feudal barons; none of the softening graces of life, no arts, no literature, nothing but discord and war, not confined to national contests, but descending through every rank, from the sovereign on the throne to the poorest noble who had a fortalice to cover him, and the most errant knight who had a

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suit of mail to his back. In this joyless and perilous state of society, towards the close of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, while yet the Saxon people lived in hatred and fear of their Norman oppressors, the scene of *Ivanhoe* is laid. The precise period is that at which the chivalrous king returns to his distracted country, (*incognito* in this work) and remounts his throne, all but possessed by his worthless brother John. *Ivanhoe* is a noble young Saxon champion, favourite of his sovereign, and also distinguished for his valorous exploits in Palestine. His father, Cedric, one of the richest and most influential of the Anglo-Saxon thanes, (called a Franklin by the proud Normans,) has disinherited his son in order to break off an attachment between him and his ward Rowena, of the blood of Alfred, whom he destined for Athelstane, a gourmand, though the lineal representative of the royal Saxon race, with a view to an attempt to wrest the crown from the house of Anjou.

The story opens with the description of two persons, Gurth the swine-herd, and Wamba the clown or jester, both serfs or bondsmen to Cedric. The site of the appearance of these low, but in the course of events important actors in the drama, is the wooded country, watered by the Don, which lies (or lay) between Sheffield and Doncaster. It is depicted in a style worthy of Clauide.

"The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad short-stemmed oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their broad gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former

site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet."

The description of the characters to the likeness of portrait adds all the spirit of history; and as the faithful pair take a distinguished part in the subsequent drama, we shall copy their delineation.

"The human figures which completed this landscape, were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at this early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar, than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred, that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt; or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boars' hides, protected the feet, and a sort of roll of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but

without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular garment was engraved in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport:—"Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

"Beside this swine-herd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person who looked ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other, and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip, attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage."

The conversation of these parties let us into the history of the other characters, and into their own; and while they are occupied with this, and the collection of the herd that it may be driven home to Rotherwood, they are joined by a splendid cavalcade, (admirably

described) consisting of the jolly Prior Aymer of Jorvaux Abbey and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a bold, warlike, and licentious Preceptor of the order of Knights Templars, with their retinues. Both these are Normans, and it appears that their object is to visit Cedric on their way to a magnificent tournament, proclaimed by Prince John, at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, to decide a wager between the Prior and the Templar respecting the beauty of Rowena. They inquire their way of Wamba, who purposely misdirects them; but at the spot where they are most puzzled, a palmer from the Holy Land, whom they encounter there, and who seems well acquainted with the intricacies of the forest, undertakes to be their guide and conducts them to Rotherwood.

Fearing that our extracts might be too long, we have reluctantly passed over the account of these strangers and their followers: but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the picture of Cedric the Saxon's hall.

"In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fire-place at either end of the hall, but as the chimnies were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which this occasioned, had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

"The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into such a hard substance, as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which run the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables, which, arranged on the same principle, may be still seen in the antique Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the

dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

"The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry, or embroidery, executed in brilliant or rather with gaudy colouring. Over the lower range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpetted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

"In the centre of the upper table, were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honour, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

"To each of these chairs was added a foot-stool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane, or, as the Normans called him, a Franklin, felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an irritable impatience, which might have become an alderman whether of ancient or of modern times.

"It appeared, indeed, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigue of war or of the chase; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humour which often lodges with a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy there was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion; and the prompt, fiery, and resolute disposition of the man had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided upon the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders; it had but little tendency to grey, although Cedric was approaching to his sixtieth year.

"His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever; a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, it is believed, of the skin of the grey squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of seal which sat tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach lower than the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had shoes of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly-studded belt, and

which was stuck a short straight two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he chose to go forth. A short boar spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purposes of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

"Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions betwixt the richness of their master's, and the coarse and simple attire of Gurth the swineherd, watched the looks and waited the commands of the Saxon dignitary."

By this personage, and in this place, the travellers are received with the hospitality of the times, though the leaders of the company are hateful to the owner of the mansion.

"Aymer, the Prior Aymer? Brian de Bois-Guilbert?" muttered Cedric; "Normans both;—but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached; they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have ridden further on their way—But it were unworthy to murmur for a night's lodging and a night's food; in the quality of guests at least, even Normans must suppress their insolence.—Go, Hundebert," he added, to a sort of major-domo who stood behind him with a white wand; "take six of the attendants, and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their train lack nothing. Let them have change of vestments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; and let it be put on the board when those strangers are ready to share it. Say to them, Hundebert, that Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the dais of his own hall to meet any who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty. Begone! see them carefully tended; let them not say in their pride, the Saxon churl has shewn at once his poverty and his avarice." * * *

"Oswald, broach the oldest wine-cask; place the best mead, the richest morat, the most sparkling cyder, the most odoriferous pigment, upon the board; fill the largest horns"—templars and Abbots love good wines and good measure." * * *

"The feast, which was spread upon the board, needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion. Swine's flesh, dressed in several modes, appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of fowls, deer, goats,

* These were drinks used by the Saxons as we are informed by Mr. Turner. Morat was made of honey flavoured with the juice of mulberries; Pigment was a sweet and rich liquor, composed of wine highly spiced, and sweetened also with honey; the other liquors need no explanation.

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and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge loaves and cakes of bread, and sundry confections made of fruits and honey. The smaller sort of wild-fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in platters, but brought in upon small wooden spits or broaches, and offered by the pages and domestics who bore them, to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a portion as he pleased. Beside each person of rank, was placed a goblet of silver; the lower board was accommodated with large drinking horns."

We omit a great deal of the ceremonies and dialogue at this feast, which afford a fine specimen of the author's descriptive powers: we seem to be transported back six hundred years, and to have the customs and manners of the twelfth century before our eyes. We shall, however, quote here one example of the clown's quality. To a question from Rowena, for the latest news from Palestine.—

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."

"He was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair, the back of which was decorated with two ass's ears, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who, from time to time, supplied him with victuals from his own trencher; a favour, however, which the Jester shared with the favourite dogs, of whom, as we have already noticed, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wamba, with a small table before him, his heels tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks sucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nut-crackers, and his eyes half shut, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed foolery.

"These truces with the infidels," he exclaimed, without caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an old man of me!"

"Go to, knave, how so?" said Cedric, his features prepared to receive favourably the expected jest.

"Because," answered Wamba, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be at least a hundred and fifty years old."

"I will warrant you against dying of old age, however," said the Templar, who now recognized his friend of the forest; "I will assure you from all deaths but a violent one, if you give such directions to way-farers, as you did this night to the Prior and me."

"How, sirrah!" said Cedric, "misdirect travellers? We must have you whipt; you are at least as much rogue as fool."

"I pray thee, uncle," answered the Jester, "let my folly, for once, protect my roguery. I did but make a mistake between my right hand and my left, and he might have pardoned a greater who took a fool for his counsellor and guide."

"Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the grate, imploring admittance and hospitality."

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may;—a night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be ministered to with all care—look to it, Oswald."

The person thus announced is Isaac the Jew of York, and his reception by the whole of the assembly vividly shows the scorn and abhorrence, the insult and injustice, with which this despised and persecuted, but money-getting race, was treated in these dark and savage times. The character of the Jew is exquisitely portrayed: it is one of those of mingled nature and avarice, the master-passion occasionally yielding to stronger instinct, which have of late been not unfrequently drawn both for the stage and in books, but never, we think, drawn so finely and forcibly. Isaac's daughter Rebecca, too, to whom we are afterwards introduced, is a charming character, and though Rowena is the nominal heroine, far superior to that lady in mental endowments, in energy, and in the interest which her adventures inspire. But to return to the father—

"The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon, was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. On the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a timid supplicating glance, and turned towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the Saxon domestics squared their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the Abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and the very heathen Saracens, (the swarthy attendants of Brian) as Isaac drew near them, curled up their whiskers with indignation, and laid their hands on their poniards, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach." * * *

"While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the Pilgrim who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, 'Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting.' So saying, he gathered together and brought to a flame, the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall;—whether from unwillingness to

hold more close communication with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain."

It has probably struck our readers that this pilgrim is no other than Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the son of Cedric, returned from the Holy Land in that straggling way by which many of Cœur de Lion's knights regained their country during the base imprisonment of their sovereign. He contradicts an assertion of Bois-Guilbert, relative to the feats of the warriors in Palestine, and the result is a challenge from the Templar to Ivanhoe "when he comes within the four seas of Britain."

It is not easy to convey an idea of the soul-stirring power with which this and other chivalrous scenes are written. Surely he who has wrought them to so sublime a pitch would have been a minstrel fit for the noblest heroes and demi-gods of antient times.

In the allotment of their places for repose, the pilgrim sleeps in a cell between that where the Jew lies and that of Gurth the Swineherd. In the morning, having from his knowledge of oriental languages, detected a plot between Bois-Guilbert and his satellites to way-lay and plunder Isaac, he warns the unfortunate Israelite of his danger, and finally, disclosing himself to Gurth, enables him to escape, and conveys him in safety to Sheffield. In gratitude for this unwonted protection from a Christian, Isaac gives Ivanhoe a scroll to the rich Jew Kirgath Jairam of Lombardy, residing in Leicester, telling him—"he hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with every thing else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament: when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports, the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

"The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility: but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, 'No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of our father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses.'"

"So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer in his turn, took hold of his gaberfene." "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, these of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something must be paid for their use."

"The Jew twisted himself in his saddle, like a man in a fit of the choleric; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. 'I care not,'

he said, 'I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is usage money, Kirgath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth,' said he, turning about, 'thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurley burley—I speak not for endangering the steed, and coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs.'

"Gramercy for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; 'I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it.'

A historical coup d'œil over the state of the country brings us to this tournament, a device of John's to acquire popularity, and concert measures for usurping the throne. The tournament itself is described at length, and in the most striking and admirable manner: our only excuse for not copying the details is, that our page would not suffice to contain them. The pomp of chivalry, the assemblage of spectators, the political links in the transaction, and the individual events connected with the structure of the romance form a whole as captivating as we remember ever to have contemplated.

In certain disputes for places, Isaac and Rebecca are brought into collision with Cedric, Rowena, and Athelstane. Prince John, a borrower from the Jew, insists on his being received into the Saxon gallery, which infidel contamination is manfully resisted by Cedric; and fatal consequences would have resulted, had not Wamba barred the approach of the Hebrew by opposing him with a shield of brawn, which he had in store for another purpose.

"Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester, at the same time, flourished his woollen sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps,—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who, and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool, by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an Alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me—Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants."

"As the Jew, smitten by the request, afraid to refuse, and unwilling to comply,

fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavouring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honourable action."

The latter observation is one of a multitude of fine touches which are spread through this work, and to which our narrative review cannot render the just homage.

In the lists the five Norman challengers, including the templar, overcome all opponents, till Ivanhoe appears, (without divulging himself) and conquers them all in succession; four in chivalrous sport, but de Bois-Guilbert in mortal combat. The unknown victor of right elects the Queen of Love and Beauty, and Rowena is named. "It was," (says the author, piquantly) worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was going forward. Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight forward, and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on; some endeavoured to forbear smiling, and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their charms; but, as the Wardour Manuscript says these were beauties of ten years standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such vanities, they were willing to withdraw their claim, in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age."

The Jew's situation during the conflict is also most characteristically ludicrous.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt—and the noble armour, that was worth so many sequins to Joseph Pereira, the armourer of Milan, besides seventy in the hundred of profits, he cares for it as little as if he had found it in the highways."

"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to save his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—His neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to—Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—See Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he

again exclaimed, 'he hath conquered, and the uncircumcised Philistine hath fallen before his lance,—even as Ogg the King of Bashan, and Sihon, king of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver, and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil.'

"The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which was forfeited to the champion upon each new success."

At the end of the first day's combats, our honest friend Gurth, who has been squire to his young master on the occasion, is dispatched to Ashby to pay Isaac out of the redemption-money of the vanquished knights for the armour and horse. His interview and settlement are happily described, and his rewards (especially from Rebecca,) so handsome, that in departing, he bursts into the following heartfelt soliloquy:—"By St. Dunstan," said Gurth, as he stumbled up the dark avenue, 'this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten zeechins from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion—Oh! happy day!—Such another, Gurth, will redeem thy bondage, and make thee a brother as free of thy guild as the best. And then do I lay down my swineherd's horn and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or my name."

It ought perhaps to have been stated before, that the district and period of which we have been treating, were those rendered immortal by the exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men. These figure largely on the canvass of Ivanhoe; and it was Gurth's chance to encounter them on his way back to his master. He recommends himself however, to the gang, by beating the miller at quarter staff, and is allowed to escape scot-free.

The second day of the tournament is a grand general melay, in which Ivanhoe is again the victor, but only through the interposition of another stranger knight, in black armour, who saves him from the overwhelming force of de Bois-Guilbert, aided by two powerful auxiliaries; and all directing their efforts against the single knight. After the fray, the black warrior disappears, and is indeed, no other than *Cœur de Lion* himself. "Thus," says the pleasant historian) ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records, as the gentle and free passage of Arms of Ashby."

In the ensuing sports Locksley, a sturdy yeoman, alias Robin Hood, carries off the

prize of archery, by splitting a willow at five score yards; and the first volume concludes with the particulars of a feast given by John, at which the Normans, as usual, insult their Saxon guests.

The second volume restores the black knight to us, and in jovial company; for being bewildered in the forest, he makes his way into the cell of the monk of Copmanhurst, or St. Dunstan's Well—the renowned friar Tuck of the Robinhood ballads. They prove two jovial souls, as will be seen from their hal-lads, with which we have enriched our poetical department. But while the happy monarch and the stealer of his deer are enjoying themselves as if there was not a sorrow in the world, Cedric, Rowena, Athelstane, Isaac, his daughter, and Ivanhoe, whom the latter is removing in a litter from Ashby (where he had been severely wounded, and whom this damsel has tended as an affectionate leach), are nearly at the same moment made prisoners by the Norman barons de Bois-Guilbert, Front-de-bœuf, and de Bracy. The object of this surprise is to force Rowena to wed the latter knight; and Bois-Guilbert assails the noble minded Rebecca, while Front-de-Bœuf, to whose castle the captives are carried, applies himself to extract money by tortures from the Jew. The faithful Gurth and Wamba escape—meet Robin Hood and his outlaws, and these, disturbing the black knight and his boon companion at their devotions (to the pasty and wine), unite to attempt a rescue of the Saxons to whom they are attached, in preference to the Normans with their severe forest laws.

The scene now dwells for some time at the brutal Front-de-bœuf's castle, where the several ruffian-knights pursue their several infamous courses. Rowena repulses de Bracy, who is the most honourable, or rather the least hardened of the three, with modest dignity: Rebecca, by a more desperate display of resolution, defeats de Bois-Guilbert for the time; and just as Front-de-Bœuf has directed poor Isaac to be broiled, in order to extort his darling wealth from him, the assault of the castle by the black knight and his confederates prevents his purpose. In this part there is a fine trait of nature, and we cannot help quoting it. The Jew is in-treating for the release of his child, innocent and unpolluted: he had previously agreed to the demands of the ruthless baron, when this insulting scoundrel answers to a petition that Rebecca shall go forth—

"Thy daughter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, as if surprised,—By heavens, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I deemed that yonder black-browed girl had been thy concubine, and I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old, who set us in these matters a wholesome example."

"The yell which Isaac raised at this unfeeling communication made the very vault to ring, and astounded the two Saracens so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He availed himself of his enlargement to throw himself on the pavement, and clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said he, Sir knight—take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me on that furnace, but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honour!—As thou art born of woman, spare the honour of a helpless maiden—She is the image of my deceased Rachael, she is the last of six pledges of her love—Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort?—Will you reduce a father to wish that his only living child was laid beside her dead mother, in the tomb of our fathers?"

"I would," said the Norman, somewhat relenting, 'that I had known of this before. I thought your race had loved nothing save their money-bags.'

"Think not so humbly of us," said Isaac, eager to improve the moment of apparent sympathy; 'the hunted fox, the tortured wild-cat, loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children.'

"Be it so," said Front-de-Bœuf; 'I will believe it in future, Isaac, for thy very sake—But it aids us not now, I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow; my word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewesses to boot. Besides, why shouldst thou think evil is to come to the girl, even if she became Bois-Guilbert's booty?'

"There will, there must," exclaimed Isaac, wringing his hands in agony; 'when did Templars breathe aught but cruelty to men and dishonour to women?'

"Dog of an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, with sparkling eyes, and not sorry, perhaps, to seize a pretext for working himself into a passion, 'blaspheme not the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or woe betide thy Jewish throat.'

"Robber and villain!" said the Jew, retorting the insults of his oppressor with passion, which, however impotent, he now found it impossible to bridle, 'I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter is delivered to me.'

"Art thou in thy senses, Israelite?" said the Norman, sternly—"Has thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; 'do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy avaricious throat—no, not a silver penny will I give thee, Nazarene, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited! Take my life if thou wilt, and say, the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian.'

"We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf, 'for by the blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy accursed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel.—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars.'

"In spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the Saracens had already torn from him his upper garment, and were proceeding totally to disrobe him, when the sound of a bugle twice winded without the castle, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after, voices were heard calling for Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage baron gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and quitted the dungeon with his attendants."

There follows a rather long, but still vivid and interesting account, of the siege of Torquilstone; though there is not much art displayed in making the fate of all the prisoners depend on the same incident,—the blowing of the besiegers' horns. The details of the siege we must relinquish, and also the story of Ulrica, a Saxon lady, but dishonoured and profligate, who is an inmate of the place, and avenges herself on Front-de-bœuf, by burning him alive in his chamber, after he is wounded in the assault. Rebecca still tends Ivanhoe, with an unpresuming and hopeless love; and a delightful part of the description of the contest, is elicited by the happy contrivance, that she should stand at a window, (a fine subject for painting, p. 289, Vol. 2.) and tell the wounded and impatient hero what happens. We can only give part of this powerful appeal to the feelings.

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering: "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us," said the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the black knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat

—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass," exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

It is well to tack to this brilliant passage, the slight mark of ennui which we must stamp on Ivanhoe. The narrative now flags a little; and whether from the nature of the subject, forbidding what is most captivating, the picture of domestic and social life, or from dwelling perhaps too long (as we have no fellow feeling with them) on romantic incidents, unknown to our civilized day, and to be accounted for on other principles than those that actuate us; we certainly experience a degree of fatigue, which even the exquisite skill of the author can only occasionally relieve, and does not dissipate.

After the taking of Torquilstone, the forest outlaws occupy the ground, and all we shall say of this part is, that they comport themselves agreeably to their popular characters, and do credit to St. Nicholas and the equitable jurisdiction of merry Sherwood. Bois-Guilbert has in his escape carried off Rebecca, and the entire interest of the last volume hangs on her destiny. The grand prior of the Knights Templars having arrived in England to reform the licentiousness of his order, the lovely Jewess is selected as a victim, and, the cruel love of de Bois-Guilbert attributed to witchcraft, she is brought to trial for sorcery. There is a grandeur of soul in her defence which adds wonderfully to the imposing pageant. In her extremity she demands trial by battle.

"Damsel," says the prior, "if the pity I feel for thee arise from any practice thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of perdition. Repent, my daughter—confess thy witchcrafts—turn thee from thine evil faith—embrace this holy emblem, and all shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In some sisterhood of the strictest order, shalt thou have time for prayer and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be repented of. This do and live—what has the law of Moses done for thee that thou shouldst die for it?"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca, "it was delivered in thunders and in storms upon the mountain of Sinai, in cloud and in fire. This, if ye are Christians, ye believe—it is, you say, recalled, but so my teachers have not taught me."

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel...."

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca, meekly; "I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will. Let me pray your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is, indeed," he continued, as he looked at the flimsy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage for a purpose so deadly—Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the grand master; and may God shew thee the right!"

Bois-Guilbert is appointed champion for the accusation, and three days limited for the production of a warrior on behalf of the unhappy Rebecca. She sends forth a messenger to acquaint her father with her condition, and bid him carry the news to Ivanhoe. The old man's grief is very affecting.

"She liveth, but it is as Daniel, who was called Belteshazzar, even when within the den of the lions. She is captive unto those men of Belial, and they will wreak their cruelty upon her, sparing neither for her youth nor her comely favour. O! she was as a crown of green palms to my grey locks; and she must wither in a night, like the gourd of Jonah.—Child of my love!—child of my old age!—oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

Ivanhoe is at Athelstane's castle, where the funeral ceremony of that chief, slain at Torquilstone, is going forward, and where Cœur de Lion reconciles his favourite to Cedric. Richard himself, in traversing the forest, is attacked by a band of assassins, influenced by his brother John, and his adviser Fitzurse; and rescued by the outlaws, who, on Wamba's blowing a horn presented to the black knight after the sacking of Torquilstone, appear and defeat the murderers. The revival of Athelstane, who, it turns out, has been only stunned, and secreted as dead by the monks, his heirs, is the most improbable event in the romance. When he is resuscitated, he abjures all pretensions to Rowena in favour of Ivanhoe, and all claims to the crown, in favour of "Richard of Anjou," or, as that brave king corrects the title, of "Richard of England"—an example worthy of being followed by those who stile our present English reigning family, the house of Hanover or Brunswick. The account of Athelstane's resentment against the monks drops the curtain upon that unamiable relic of Saxon royalty, in a way most dramatically just.

"It seems that, after all his deadly menaces against the Abbot of Saint Edmund's, Athel-

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stane's spirit of revenge, what between the natural indolent kindness of his own disposition, what through the prayers of his mother Edith, attached, like most ladies, (of the period) to the clerical order, had terminated in his keeping the Abbot and his monks in the dungeons of Conningsburg for three days on a meagre diet. For this atrocity the Abbot menaced him with excommunication, and made out a dreadful list of complaints in the bowels and stomach, suffered by himself and his monks, in consequence of the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment they had sustained. With this controversy, and with the means he had adopted to counteract this clerical persecution, Cedric found the mind of his friend Athelstane so fully occupied, that it had no room for another idea."

Ivanhoe, weak with his wound, and badly mounted, enters the lists as the champion of Rebecca, and the result is strikingly effective.

"The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had expected; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

"Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfrid, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unhewn and unabsolved—kill not body and soul. We allow him vanquished."

"He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passion.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—
"Fiat voluntas tua!"

The nuptials of Ivanhoe and Rowena; the reception of the outlaws into royal favour; and the departure of Isaac and Rebecca for Spain, wind up this most picturesque and admirably descriptive work. The final interview between Rebecca and Rowena is a very simple and touching passage, and is perhaps recommended, by being one of the few sketches of what may be termed private intercourse in a state of society, where men as it were lived in public, and women scarcely occupied a place of sufficient consequence to lift them into notice.

Ivanhoe, indeed, must not be viewed in a light which has reference to all to modern times. It is, as we have said, a romance; and so considered, is a performance of unequalled excellence. The characters are drawn with all the skill of the Tales of my Landlord; their keeping perfect, and the events in which they are involved, are admirably calculated to bring them out upon the canvas. Thus from the king downwards, to Gurth the thrall, all are distinguished by their proper attributes, and by the sentiments which may be fairly thought to belong to their relative stations in the age in which they flourish. With respect to the broader and more general features of the picture, it seems to us that the writer has nearly exhausted the subject. His prolific pencil has painted the Saxon Hall, the Norman Castle, the outlaw Greenwood, the banquet, the tourney, the trial, the combat, the siege, the funeral rite, the abbey luxury, the oppression of the Jews, the tyranny of religious orders, the licence of the high, and the wretchedness of the low, in colours so faithful and potent, that while we read, we seem to breathe the air of times long past, and (such is the spell) forget the civilization of our own experience, and yield up our own imagination to the fiction of this great neoromancer.

We could point out a few lapses in this extraordinary work (pages 107 and 142, in the first vol. afford instances); but as Bolingbroke said of the Duke of Marlborough, when some one mentioned his avarice, "He was so great a man that I have forgot his failings"... even must we say, "it is so noble a production, that we cannot remember its defects."

Picturesque Views of the Antiquities of Pola, in Istria. By Thomas Allason, architect. The plates engraved by W. B. Cooke, G. Cooke, Henry Moses, and Cosmo Armstrong. London, 1819, super-royal folio, pp. 67.

As a work of art, this book is one of that select number which do honour to the country where they are produced: it is indeed, a beautiful and superb performance. The plates are ten in number, and the vignettes four. The former consist of a frontispiece composition, displaying the principal architectural antiquities of Pola, a view of Trieste, general view of Pola, the amphitheatre, temple of Augustus, posterior view of the two temples, arch of the Sergii, side view of the same, gateway, and plans: the latter of the Acropolis of Athens, fragments found at Elis, and of Stele, and an antique statue of Bacchus,—which last, by the way, we suppose to be a correct representation, though the proportions of the form are miserably incorrect, the body too short for the limbs, and the pelvis elongated in a manner so near to caricature, as terribly to impeach the sculpture of the age to which the figure belongs. The engraving by Moses is nevertheless finely done.

The frontispiece, by G. Cooke, from a drawing by Turner, is very grand, though perhaps, had more perspective been observed between the gate and the amphitheatre, the effect would have been nobler still. Taking the chief of the other pieces in the order in which they occur, we have to notice the Athenian Acropolis, an exquisite vignette from the same graver: the distance, especially on the left, is possessed of extraordinary merit. The view of Trieste, W. B. Cooke, is also a sweet thing, though we cannot well account for certain shadows on the water, nor approve of that sort of rotten touch which is seen on the foreground. A dark mass on the right, however, gives a charm to the soft lines of the receding port and mountains. The general view of Pola is charming; its delightful site on a spacious bay, enlivened by figures which afford a good idea of its population (consisting of about 700 fisherman), and varied by trees, which we should ascribe to the pencil of Turner, afforded scope to the talents of G. Cooke, and he has availed himself of it in a free and characteristic style. The water, the little wooded peninsula, the town and country, and the sublime amphitheatre, which as well as the other buildings, is of the Augustan era, are all delineated with a master hand. The next plate is of this amphitheatre, an ellipsis whose largest diameter is nearly north and south and measures 436.6½, its shortest 346.2, and its height in the more perfect parts, 97 feet. This splendid edifice, therefore, is scarcely exceeded in magnificence by the Coliseum at Rome, and its dimensions are little inferior to the amphitheatre of Verona. The plate is ably executed; but still we have slightly to complain of a rottenness in the foreground. The temple of Augustus is simply great, though the light appears to be artificially thrown over the design. The posterior view of the two temples we do not consider so excellent; nor the arch of the Sergii; for though nothing can surpass the architecture of the latter, the figures are but slovenly, and introduced without that natural force and detachment from the buildings, which they ought to possess even in shadow, and far more under the light of day. The side view is superior in this respect; nor should we indeed remark upon the others, did we not esteem these plates altogether as gems of the foremost order in engraving. The gateway, a pleasing subject, is one of the most captivating of these views; the figures are in their proper places, the architecture rich, and what there is of perspective admirable.

Upon the whole, were we to continue our strictures, we should hardly be able to find terms of approbation for the varied graces of these productions, which do equal honour to the taste of Mr. Allason, and the skill of the artists more mechanically employed upon them.

Of the literary portion of this volume, we have yet something to say. The author and two Messrs. (not Mr. Stanhope, as he carelessly writes) Stanhope went to Pola, by boats from Trieste, in 1814, and examined that place soon after the French had evacuated

it, destroying as usual, some of its finest remains. But it is singular, that the business of destruction exposed new matter; for in blowing up some parts, other antiquities were discovered; and thus Mr. Allason's work is not only more accurate and complete with regard to antiquities, only indifferently described by preceding travellers, but has the advantage of bringing us acquainted with others previously unknown. The gateway was enclosed and concealed, till the French reduced the walls and citadel to ruins.

But the most generally interesting portion of the letter-press is a description of Istria and Dalmatia, from an Itinerary of F. L. Cassas; and from this we shall offer a few selections, which seem to us to be both curious and entertaining. Passing by a little sentimentality and egotism in the commencement, we shall not dwell long on the contents which relate to the early history of this region and its connection with the Roman empire. That Illyria was the common name, including Istria, Dalmatia, and perhaps Liburnia,—that the wrecked nations of the Carpians and Sarmatians, were transported thither by Diocletian and Constantine,—and that many of the imperial wars drew hence their sinews and made this their theatre, are facts well known to the historical reader. During the darker and later ages, these territories had their full share of the horrors of barbarity. Basil the Second, having defeated their defenders in a pitched battle (anno 1014), killed 5000, and took 15,000 prisoners. This monster caused his captives to be divided into companies of one hundred; ninety-nine in each he deprived of sight, and to the hundredth man left one eye, that he might lead his miserable companions to their king—whose heart was broken by the dismal spectacle.

From this period, alternately swayed by the Venetians (whose Doge took the title of Duke of Dalmatia); by the Kings of Hungary; by adventurers of their own; by the Turks (who entered in 1366); ravaged by Huns, Goths, Saracens, Normans, Croats, Servians, and Slavonians by turns; this wretched country was for ages a prey to anarchy. But we shall no farther trace its political phases;—suffice it to observe, that the result has been, instead of the ancient fierce and warlike Dalmatian, a population which is an amalgam of Greeks of the Bosphorus, Musselmans, crafty Venetians, and cunning Italians, added to the more savage descendants of the original tribes, either indigenous, or colonized as we have related.

Out of this perturbed state of society, and strangely mixed people, grew into existence that ferocious band of robbers, known by the name of *Uscouques* (from *Scoco*, a deserter), whose contests with the Venetians for nearly eighty years, are only paralleled by the butcheries now perpetrated in South America. Pirates and banditti, their atrocities were tolerated in consequence of the clashing of party politics; and though never very numerous, they were guilty of abominations, which it might have been thought would have drawn down vengeance, even to extermination, upon the most powerful alli-

ance in the universe. "Assassinations and massacres," (says the Itinerary) did not relax their rage; it extended even to the dead bodies of their enemies; they mangled and tore them in pieces, and frequently formed a most ferocious dress with the fragments. Neither age nor sex was spared; nor did the recollection of some previous act of kindness from the victim ever excite their mercy. The bloody heads of their prisoners were the usual ornament of the riotous processions which followed their victories;—(thus we see that the horrors of Ashautee are not original nor confined to Africa)—and even their women revelled in the horrid triumph." Their mode of warfare exactly resembling that of the Greek and Italian robbers of the present day.

A still more remarkable race, generated or formed by these circumstances, are well painted in the work before us, and we feel that we shall gratify our readers by laying before them the leading features of the Morlachians. Their origin, whether Albanian or Bulgarian, is lost in obscurity. They inhabit, not only Morlachia Proper (which lies on the southern part of the Venetian Gulph between Istria and Dalmatia), but are spread throughout the latter province, principally in the mountains of Inner Dalmatia, and occupy the valleys of Kotar, the banks of the rivers Kerka, Cetina, and Narenta,—extending towards Germany, Hungary, and nearly to Greece. "Although they inhabit Dalmatia, their features, their manners, and their language, stamp them as a nation distinct from the natives of the country." There are varieties among them, some being robust, mild, and humane, though low in stature, blue-eyed, light-haired, flat-nosed, broad-faced, and fair and lively complexion; others violent and fierce; slender-shaped, hair and eyes chestnut and brown, with long countenances, and a yellowish colour. The latter, of the Vergoraz mountains, plunder Turks rather than Christians, and only attack the latter in extreme cases. They are faithful in their promises, sensible of confidence reposed in them, and incapable of stripping a traveller who relies on them for protection: they prefer stratagem to open force, and have a marked repugnance to shedding blood. "If by chance you catch them stealing, and claim the article which they have but that moment pilfered, they surprize you with the coolness of their answers, and the obstinacy with which they persevere in the lie. A Morlachian unties your horse, and leaps upon it before your face, and when you attempt to recover it, he maintains, without being the least disconcerted, that the animal is his property: he gives the pedigree of the horse, the history of the man who sold it to him, the description of the fair where the purchase was made, and can always command twenty witnesses to prove the truth of his assertion; he then concludes with walking off with the horse, and ridiculing the clumsiness of your attempt to rob him." A traveller rests at the foot of

* This character reminds us of Scapin, in one of the Italian comedies which, *en passant*, has been imported into the School for Reform, and

a tree, and lays aside his sabre to be more at his ease: two Morlachians come up to him, and whilst one is talking with the traveller, the other neatly draws the scabbard from his side, and then coolly joins in the conversation. "Some one has stolen my sabre" (exclaims the owner after a fruitless search). "That is unfortunate," replies the thief, "but why do not you manage as I do? I always keep mine in my hand."

The love affairs of these Morlachians are somewhat on a par with their other dealings: their Cupid is like their Mercury; and what in civilized life would give cause for an action of damages, is with them *Proh pudor!* the usual beginning of a courtship. It is a consolation to find that the young men are never dishonourable, as they sometimes are in our more enlightened sphere. Their hospitality is so profuse as to amount to a community of property, at least as far as edibles and potables are concerned. They feast (Heaven forgive them, poor ignorant wretches,) upon all occasions; marriages, births, funerals, are all the same to a Morlachian, in the matter of feeding and drinking as an observance. Among their customs we find one of a curious nature, which has struck us the more, as we had instanced it in Anastasius; and this repetition, while it shows the accuracy of the writer of that admirable work, throws our minds back to some of our finest classical recollections: no doubt, Pylades and Orestes, and Damon and Pythias, were friends of this order. "Friendship is considered among them as a kind of religious emotion, and is consecrated by particular ceremonies. When two young men or girls, agree to be united by a bond of friendship, they repair to the church, accompanied by their respective relations, to receive the benediction of the priest; and then the union becomes inviolable. Two girls, united in this manner, are called *Poestrimé*, and the men *Pobratimi*: they are inseparable for the remainder of their lives, and are equal partakers of each others good fortune and reverses. These ardent attachments have been frequently signalized by a sacrifice of life; and should two probatimi happen to be disunited, it would be regarded as a fore-runner of some great national misfortune."

The revenge of the Morlachians is as curious as admirably given by Emery. The rogue murmurs at the cruelty and injustice he has experienced, and for nothing, as he thus describes his offence to his friend Harlequin, who reminds him that he had been guilty of horse-stealing. "I steal! you wrong me to say so; my master sent me on an errand, and in going along a narrow street I encountered a horse which completely stopped the way. I tried to get past behind him, and the people cried out—take care, he'll kick you. I then endeavoured to go in front, and they exclaimed—don't proceed, he'll bite you. I was therefore obliged for fear of being kicked or bitten, to go on one of his sides. I, in fact, placed my foot in one of the stirrups and threw my leg over to the other side. But I believe the devil was in the horse; for instead of letting me get quietly over, he got the bit between his teeth, and galloped above twenty miles. Now, my dear Harlequin, can this be called horse-stealing?"

dial as their amity, but never degenerates into feuds, as the first blood shed in quittance of blood, terminates the quarrel.

One part of the Morlachians are members of the Greek Church, the other adopts the Romish ritual. Their priests, sorcerers, and enchanters, for preserving from, or unfolding, and averting evil, keep down this degraded people; and, "besides these torments of the imagination, they have the folly to believe in the existence of vampires. The precautions they use at the death of one whom they suspect of an inclination to vampirism, are perfectly extravagant. Before the burial they cut the hamstrings of the corpse, trace certain characters upon the body with a hot iron, and drive nails or pins into particular parts: to this ceremony the sorcerers add certain mysterious words, and then there is no fear that the deceased will come from his coffin, and prey upon the blood of the living. Some of them pretend to have a presentiment that they will be vampires after their death, and, in their will, direct their bodies to be submitted to this kind of purification."

We have a good account of the marriage, and other ceremonies of this peculiar people; but we are warned by our limits to conclude with one extract more. The Morlachians have a bard at all their festivals. "The songs, which are in the Illyrian idiom, but corrupted by their transmission through many ages, are the histories of some Slavonian heroes, or the history of some tragical events without a date: they are heavy, monotonous, and doleful; nor is the instrument which accompanies them at all calculated to enliven the effect; it being a miserable monochord guitar, the sound of which is hollow and without modulation. The poetry, however, is not without energy, but possesses that kind of noble simplicity which touches the soul. When a Morlachian travels by night among the mountains, he generally sings; and these ancient poems are always the songs to which he gives the preference. Every strophe is preceded by a long exclamation, or rather by a barbarous and prolonged cry. It frequently happens that the song is heard at a distance by another Morlachian, who never fails to repeat every couplet in the same time; and this repetition is continued as long as they are within hearing of each other. It is impossible to describe the kind of melancholy infused into the soul by these musical dialogues, whose mournful cadences are prolonged by distant echoes, and whose solemnity is increased by the awful silence of the night, and the surrounding solitudes."

It is rarely that we can combine so much of art and literature (speaking of the information rather than of the manner), as in this volume; and we therefore presume to say, that it is highly worthy of a place in those libraries where expensive productions of this kind are deposited.

Anastasis; or Memoirs of a Greek.
3 vols.

EPISODE OF ANAGNOSTI.
In the *Bagnio Anastasis* forms an

intimacy with another young Greek named Anagnosti, whose story and the fatal termination of the friendship thus commenced, constitute an episode of singular interest. Anagnosti is the son of the Proësti, or Greek primate of Stavro, and his mother a native of Phœnea, near Corinth. Telling his own tale, he says:

"The inhabitants of Phœnea justly boast of their proficiency in the mysteries of divination. This art formed my mother's principal portion. Unfortunately, her skill made her foresee every calamity, but it found a cure for none: and she spent her life in bewailing her sorrowful endowments. Those of my father were of a different cast. They consisted not so much in doubling present evils by the fear of future mischiefs, as in making the best of the ills we laboured under. When therefore one evening a troop of Arnauts, —in order to pay themselves for the unwelcome protection they had afforded us against the Russians,—plundered our house, made fire-wood of our olive trees, and turned out our cattle into our vineyards, my much respected father observed, how fortunate was this misfortune, as we possessed at Salonica a rich relation, who would do better for us than we could do for ourselves—unless, as my mother added, with a shake of the head, he should be dead or ruined."

"This kinsman we determined to seek out. Leaving our patrimony at the mercy of the way-wode, as a trifling acknowledgement for his trouble in selling us to the robbers, we bade adieu to our native land, which never had looked more charming than it did at that moment, and set out upon our journey. My father trusted for our travelling expences to the charity with which he was sure Providence would inspire every mortal we met; while my mother trembled lest we should only meet banditti. If any thing could move the hardest heart, it certainly was our procession. Imagine, first, a man already in years, loaded with the scanty wrecks of his property; next, a woman, pale, emaciated and borne down by illness, with a baby at the breast, and leading another by the hand, hardly able to follow; while myself, between two little girls, one of ten and one of twelve, in a most tattered condition, brought up the rear. We did not beg, for we knew not the way: but we looked wretchedness itself: and sometimes we found relief, and to those that bestowed it, we gave in return all we had to give, our blessing. As however we advanced on the journey, we began to need less assistance. This my mother had said would happen, and she herself was the one that accomplished her prediction. Sinking under her grief, she turned out of the path, sat down on a stone, and urged us to proceed;—for she could go no further. I threw my arms round her neck, tried to cheer her, and sobbed. "O my Anagnosti," said she as she pressed my little fingers with her clammy hand, and fixed on my countenance her anxious boding look,—“O my curly headed boy! remember your poor mo-

ther's last words: let others fear their foes; you, my sweet innocent, beware only of your friends!" Then, in convulsive agony, she clasped me to her breast, laid down her head, and died.

"Much as my mother's weakness had retarded our progress, her disease was the only event in which my father could not at first see any advantage. Long he wept for his loss, and at last he dug a grave by the roadside, at which we all helped to work. In it was buried my poor mother,—all but this lock of hair, which shall only return to dust with her child.

"Just as we again set forward from the dismal spot, the baby, which long had pined, expired for want of sustenance. We would not divide in death what in life had thus far still been as one: and turning back, deposited the child in the lap of its tender parent:—they sleep together!"

The Phœnean vaticination of his dying mother is but too fatally fulfilled on Anagnosti. At Volo, (he tells)

A lady who had lost an only child, took such a fancy to my rosy face, that she begged to have it. Her nauseous kisses had stamped it already! After my mother's I could not bear them. My father was but indifferently inclined to part with his Anagnosti—the only one of his children who in all his looks and sayings reminded him of his Zoë: but he was poor, he thought that his loss would be my advantage, and he only proceeded on with the other three. I staid, to cry and to be kissed.

"At Salonica my father found that his affluent relation had died a bankrupt, as my mother had predicted. "This," he observed, "must make him return to the labours of the field, which after all were the healthiest." Alas! In the damp deleterious country we had got into they carried him off. It was what my mother knew would happen. In a quarrel with a neighbour at home, she had heard the spiteful wretch wish my father a seven years' ague. The disease only took seven months to bring him to the grave; and this he thought a great mercy. While ill he remembered that one day in the fields, on suddenly turning round, he had seen his fellow-labourers stamp on his shadow. How could he after that be expected to live? At the last gasp, his eye lit up at the thoughts of rejoining his Zoë! Charitable persons took in the little orphans: I sent them the few pence I had collected: but alas, my little hoard evaporated by the way!

"My own good fortune was of short duration. The old lady at Volo who had promised to adopt me, changed her fondness into aversion when she found how dearly I loved to play in puddles, and how little I liked to be kissed. She scolded me for being a boy; and sighed to think what a tidy little girl she might have had in my place, who never for an instant would have quitted her side. The first of these faults I acknowledged, and observed that she might have been aware of it before; and, as for the other grievance, I told her "If I could not always stay by her side, I could do the next best

thing; which was never to go near her again." She made no reply, and I ran away.

"As I had always promised the Holy Virgin faithfully to divide with her whatever I might earn, I made no doubt that she would direct me well in my search for a livelihood. I cannot think she did; though it might be for my good. She made me engage on board a Hydriote laden with corn for the Black sea. A single family formed the crew, from the captain down to the lowest cabin-boy. But to that family poor Anagnosti belonged not; and when all the rest in a calm used to dance on the deck, I alone was left out to listen to their mirth in the hold. Alas, I have since had dancing enough! At the time however I thought the hardship so great, that I begged of the captain on my knees to let me dance with the rest, and to flog me afterwards as much as he pleased."

Arrived at Constantinople he runs away from the vessel, and while wandering in distress finds a compassionate friend in a baker who relieves his hunger, and takes him into his service.

"My apprenticeship was short. The very second day of my ministry, after a flying visit from a Turk, my master came up to me, and said 'he liked me so well, he had determined immediately to give me a share in the business; and I had nothing to do—whenever might call—but to say the concern was my own.' On this my principal ran out, leaving me in astonishment at my speedy promotion.

"A person did call; and I did say the concern was my own: but as that person was the Stamboul Effendee, who had set apart that day for weighing the weights and for measuring the measures of the different tradesmen, the deficiency he found in ours made him—though very condescending and chatty at first—end by ordering that I should be dealt by as I dealt by my loaves; namely, baked in my own oven. In this consisted the chief advantage I was to derive from the partnership.

"My cries of 'Aman' at this intemperate sentence, brought out the whole neighbourhood. It knew my master's character, vouched for mine without knowing it, and through dint of strenuous intercession, moved the Effendee to such excess of lenity as, in regard for my innocence, only to order me three dozen strokes on the soles of my feet.

"The change, undoubtedly, was to my advantage: yet did I feel so angry, that I swore rather to go without bread all the days of my life, than ever again to trust to a baker. Lame as I was, I tried to hobble away. An odd-looking man, who had been eyeing me all along from head to foot, asked me whether I loved dancing. The question seemed insulting; but, lest I should commit myself, I neither answered yes nor no. 'You have been ill-used'—added he,—'My compassionate heart moves me to take you home and cure your bruises.' I fancied not the man's countenance, but my feet told me not to mind his face, and I saw the less of it as he took me on his back. While riding along I conceived very sinister forebodings; but when set down, where we stopped, I smiled at

my fears. Nothing could look less terrific than the place of my destination. Around the walls hung suspended by elegant cords and tassels, lutes, cimbals, guitars, and other musical instruments, inlaid with mother of pearl. The richest dresses were niring at the windows; and if the habitation resembled any one thing more than another, it was a temple of mirth. In fact, when, restored by wholesome applications both outward and within, to my pristine condition, I asked what I could do in return for so much hospitality? the answer was: "to dance."

"I immediately fell a capering. But this was not the thing meant. My host—a Greek of Scyra—had in his youth been a dancer by profession. Age having stiffened his joints, he now gained his livelihood by giving suppleness to younger limbs. He had a number of boys whom he trained to perform ballets in the conaks or palaces of the great. His eye had been caught by my nimbleness when about to be put into the oven, and he roused my ambition by pledging himself to make me a first-rate dancer.

"The greatest natural genius still requires the assistance of culture. For a while, I toiled beyond conception. But as I never attempted a difficult step without addressing the Panagia, I at last succeeded. I may say without vanity, I acquired the perfection of the art. The exactness of my poise, the precision of my movements, the apparent ease with which I performed the most difficult steps—people maintained—were positively sublime. From the ends of my fingers to the tip of my toes, all was expression and sentiment. The best connoisseurs declared that in me alone they had found the poetry of the heel; and my very shadow was lighter than other people's shadows. But I do not wish to praise myself!"

This burlesque panegyric on dancing is followed by an admirable history of the Artist's wretchedness in his brilliant and apparently lively career. Well does he remark—

It is one thing to divert others, and it is another to taste of joy one's self! The constant fatigue, the sense of dependance, the fear of not succeeding, the liability to the humours of a capricious audience, the danger of losing the attraction of novelty, the chance of being eclipsed by some abler competitor, are alone dreadful drawbacks on a profession like mine.

His master fleeced him of every sequin; again he ran away, was the innocent cause of a quarrel, and thrown by the patrolle into the Bagnio. Notwithstanding his too well founded dread of friendship, Anastasius and he swear to each other eternal fidelity as brothers; and this sacred, but almost obsolete Greek rite is performed by the priest at the altar.

He enveloped us in the sacred veil, symbol of the holy ties we contracted; and made us swear on our knees in the face of Heaven, to share together like brothers,

while we breathed, both good and adverse fortune.

The solemn vow pronounced, and Heaven fervently implored to bless it, we again rose. I shook Anagnosti by the hand, and could not refrain from saying: "though now brothers, still friends as before."

He involuntarily shuddered. All his fears recurred; and on casting off the sacred cincture, we found on it a fresh stain of blood. How it came there neither of us could guess. Both searched for the cause: none could be discovered; and we at last forgot the evil omen.

Anastasius is released from prison, but postpones the duties of friendship, till at length we have the mortal denouement of this affecting story. Anastasius has turned Moslem, and in an evil hour of Mohammedan festivity and pride, when in company with older Osmanlees, and anxious to prove the sincerity of his change, publicly encounters Anagnosti, freed from the Bagnio without his assistance. The narrative thus proceeds—

His first glance alighting only on my features, had made him rush forward to press me to his bosom. His second look falling upon my dress and companions, again arrested his progress, and seemed to rivet his feet to the ground. Hence, judging him sufficiently awed by my mere appearance, I now ventured to utter some condescending expressions: but my words he heeded not. Keeping his haggard eyes fixed on my person, he asked whether a spell fascinated his senses, or whether in reality I was become.... a Moslem, he would, have said; but the hateful appellation stuck in his throat. Not caring he should give it utterance—"be what I may," I hastily cried, "proceed thou, without fear."

The pious ceremonies of the morning,—not I trust the devout libations of the afternoon,—had imparted to my friend's religious enthusiasm a more than usual warmth. At this mortifying speech, resentment of my neglect, indignation at my apostasy, wounded pride, and disappointed affection, took possession of his soul.

"Fear!" exclaimed he, repeating my last words with an hysterical laugh; while his eye darted lightning, and his lip curled up in scorn; "Fear suits only the deserter of his country and his God!"

So proud a taunt completed the rising ferment of my blood. Enraged at the invective, still more enraged at its coming from a rayah, from a man of mean appearance, and in the presence of sneering Osmanlees, I mechanically thrust my hand in my girdle and drew out my handjar. It was an unmeaning and half involuntary action: I had no fatal purpose; I intended not—no, upon the solemn word of one again prostrate before the cross—I intended not to hurt a hair of my friend's sacred head. Frantic he rushed forward, and fell—fell upon the weapon's too diligently sharpened point. He then struck me away from him, while the dagger—slipping through my palsied fingers—remained as he intended, deep buried in his side.

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Leisurely he drew it out, and with a sort of complacency viewing his blood as it trickled from the blade: "O my mother, my mother," he exclaimed, "thy dying words then prove true. My friends alone have been my perdition, and the small crimson speck found on the hands of our brotherhood, is grown into the stream that now gushes from my heart! But at least Anastasius," added he with a look that pierced my very soul, "I have prevented him who made a vow to defend me to his last dying breath, from being the destroyer of my wretched life. I wondered thou hadst abandoned thy friend! Alas! I knew not that thou hadst forsaken thy God! May he pardon thee as I do! Life to me was bitterness, death is a welcome guest! I rejoice those who love me; and, already, methinks, they stretch out their arms from heaven to their dying Anagnosti. Thou,—if there be in thy breast one spark of pity left for him thou once namedst thy brother, ah suffer not the starving hounds in the street See a little hallowed earth thrown over my wretched corpse."

These words were his last. He staggered; his body fell lifeless across the highway, and his spotless soul flew to heaven.

A splendid funeral and heartfelt contrition were ineffectual to calm the guilty mind; and it is finely said—

In rain! Nor my tears, nor my sorrows could avail. No offerings nor penance could purchase me repose. Wherever I went the fatal spot of blood still danced before my steps, and the reeking dagger still hovered in my sight. In the silent darkness of the night, I saw the pale and luminous phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and even during the noisy meetings of the day to which I fled for relief, I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood, and to my bread the rank flavor of death!

Our purpose was not to carry the combination of any subject from this number into our next, which begins another volume; but the lighter and intriguing adventures of our hero are too attractive to be foregone; and, having devoted so much of this sheet to Ivanhoe, we are under the necessity of intruding our further account of Anastasius into 1820.

DODWELL'S TOUR IN GREECE.

(Concluded.)

For the reason with which we have just terminated the preceding article (making only one exception), we must wind up our review of Mr. Dodwell's work a little more briefly than we intended. The latter part of the second vol. is rendered very interesting, by a detailed account of the travellers' adventures with a band of Greek robbers; but the description of the ruins of

Sparta being of more lasting importance, we select the description.

"Crossed a rapid stream, probably the Tiason, which, descending from Taygeton, enters the Eurotas near the ruins of Sparta. Here we reached the first remains of the Lacedæmonian capital, now called Palaio-Kastro, consisting of uncertain traces, and heaps of large stones tossed about in a sort of promiscuous wreck. In ten minutes from Magoula, we reached the theatre, which is of large dimensions. The *koilon* is excavated in the hill which rose nearly in the middle of the city, and which served as an acropolis. The theatre appears of Roman construction, and the walls of the *proscenium* are principally of brick. The white marble, of which Pausanias says it was composed, has disappeared. The early Spartans did not permit dramatic performances; their theatre was used only for public exercises.

"Near the theatre are the remains of a Roman brick tower, which Manusaki assured me was the *pyrgos* of Menelaos! A traveller must not expect to derive any information whatever from the generality of Greeks upon the antiquities of their country, but must extricate himself as well as he can, from the dark mazes of conjecture and uncertainty, by the topographical light of Pausanias, and by the few scattered materials of some other authors."

"A fine sepulchral chamber of a square form, regularly constructed with large blocks, is situated nearly opposite the theatre, and a short distance from it. It has been opened, and the interior is composed of brickwork. According to Pausanias, the monuments of the Spartan kings, Pausanias and Leonidas, were opposite the theatre.

"Many other detached ruins are dispersed in this direction, some of which are of Roman origin. They appear to have suffered more from sudden violence than from gradual decay, and have no doubt been torn to pieces to supply materials for the modern town of Misithra. Several imperfect inscriptions have been found amongst the ruins of Sparta, and many others might be discovered.

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"After I had taken copies of some of these inscriptions, I observed Manusaki turning them over and concealing them under stones and bushes. When I inquired his motive for such unusual caution, he informed me that he did it in order to preserve them, because many years ago, a French *milord*, who visited Sparta, after having copied a great number of inscriptions, had the letters chiselled out and defaced. He actually pointed out to me some fine slabs of marble from which the inscriptions had evidently been thus barbarously erased.

"The fact is generally known at Misithra, and it was mentioned to me by several persons as a received tradition. This must doubtless have been one of the mean, sel-

fish, and unjustifiable operations of the Abbé Fourmont, who travelled in Greece by orders of Louis XV. in the year 1729."

"After employing two days in examining the almost unintelligible ruins of Sparta, and taking a panoramic view from a hill to the north of the acropolis, I made an excursion, with Manusaki, to the remains of Amyklai, and some other ruins in the plain."

The author accounts for the fable of the singing fish of the fountain, Kleitor (see Pausanias and Pliny,) by showing, that the name, *poikilia*, signified a trout, with which the waters abound. He gives a good account of Megaspelia, the largest monastery in Greece; and in conclusion, annexes a useful and excellent appendix, in which the different orthography of Greek and Turkish names is exemplified; the musical instruments of modern Attica are enumerated; and a great deal of curious statistical, political, and general information is comprised. Having no room for further extracts, we shall only add, that this work, though somewhat tedious, is replete with valuable intelligence on almost every Grecian subject.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAST IRON BRIDGES IN FRANCE.

A memorial of some interest has been presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, on the subject of wrought iron bridges, by M. Poyet, architect to the minister of the interior and to the Chamber, and a member of the "Institute." We give an abstract of its most material passages.

"I propose to substitute for stone-bridges, (the enormous expence of which renders the construction of an adequate number impracticable), bridges of wrought iron, which are as strong as stone bridges, and may be built at about one-fifth of the expence. If instead of constructing these iron bridges on stone piles, wood were substituted for the iron, the expence would be diminished one-half, and thus we might have ten wooden bridges for one of stone."

"The bridge which I propose, is constructed on an entirely new plan, which precludes the possibility of those accidents so frequent in France and Germany, where inundations sweep away the strongest erections, because they too powerfully resist the passage of the water in strong currents, and the passage of the ice after them.

"The principal advantages of the bridge I propose, are—

"1. Great strength; each arch bearing the weight of a million of kilogrammes, without the necessity of constructing abutments for the support of the last arch.

"2. The piles may be raised at the distance of thirty or forty metres from each other, which must of course diminish expence, and facilitate navigation.

"3. The bridge may be constructed with great expedition, because the iron is wrought in the usual way, and only a slight scaffold is requisite for raising it.

"4. It may be repaired without obstructing the foot-path or carriage-way.

"5. It may be raised or lowered at pleasure, leaving only the piles standing, which must prove a vast advantage on frontier rivers in time of war.

"6. A portion of the bridge may be raised between two piles, sufficient for the passage of ships."

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Dec. 18.

The candidates, who, at the close of the Public Examination this term, were admitted by the Public Examiners into the first and second classes of *Literæ Humaniores* and *Disciplinæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ* respectively, amounted to five in the *First Class of Literæ Humaniores*; two in the *First Class of Discip. Mathemat. et Phys.*; thirteen in the *Second Class of Literæ Humaniores*; and two in the *Second Class of Discip. Mathemat. et Phys.* In *Literæ Humaniores* the numbers were eleven, and in *Discip. Mathemat.* one.

The number of candidates to whom *Testimonials* for their degrees were given by the Public Examiners, but who were not admitted into either of the classes, amounted to 61.

To-day last the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTER OF ARTS.—Rev. John Lindsay Young, Brasenose College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Thomas William Gordon, Thomas John Marker, William S. R. Cockburn, Esq. Robert Hodgson Fowler, and Theophilus Williamson, Exeter College; George Foster, University College; Frederick James Parsons, and Robert Meadows White, Demys of Magdalen College; Robert Pearson, Queen's College; William John Rayner, Pembroke College; Thomas Francis Fremantle, Esq. Oriel College.

Yesterday, the last day of Michaelmas Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. John Collinson Bisset, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. Charles Thomas Pettingal, and Rev. Richard Samuel Butler Sandilands, Christ Church.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Samuel Lloyd, Esq. Magdalen College, Grand Compounder; Wm. Willox Peete, Wadham College; Wm. Wynter, and Walter Jones, Jesus College; Wm. Parish, St. Edmund Hall; Joshua Stratton, New College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 17.

The subject of the English poem for the Chancellor's third gold medal for the present year is—*Waterloo*.

FINE ARTS.

INVENTION OF OIL PAINTING.

When led by the view of the Paintings in the Painted Chamber, lately uncovered at Westminster, and our researches consequent thereon, to hazard an opinion, that Oil Painting had been practised in England long anterior to the era of the Van Eycks, its sup-

posed inventors, we were not aware that the doctrine had been broached and ably maintained by an intelligent author about forty years ago. We are now indebted to a friend, curious and well informed in such matters, for a copy of a rather scarce work, entitled, "*A critical Essay on Oil Painting; proving that the art of Painting in Oil was known before the pretended discovery of John and Hubert Van Eyck, &c. By R. E. Raspe.*" This book was published by T. Cadell, in 1781, and its gist is as follows:—

That the invention of Oil Painting, ascribed to the Van Eycks, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, rests chiefly on the authority of Vasari, an Italian, who lived 150 years later. That the Flemish and Dutch annalists and historians, who flourished between the period of the Van Eycks and of Vasari, make no mention of this extraordinary fact, attributed to their countryman. That the paintings in oil, by these artists, prove only that the process was known to, not that it originated with them. That Van Mander, who wrote immediately after Vasari, repeated his statements, but unsupported by any other inquiry or authority. That the tombstones of the Van Eycks have no record of the fact; and that the story of the discovery itself is improbable. And, that P. Opmeer's and Dom Lamponni's evidences are taken from Vasari and his copyist Mander.

To prove that this art was known for ages before the Van Eycks, Mr. Raspe goes on to quote Theophilus Presbyter and Eraclius, two monkish writers of the darkest age (the tenth or eleventh century). The MS. of Theophilus, of which there are several copies, is preserved in the library at Leipsick, at Wolfenbützel, probably at Paris, and at Cambridge. The latter, on vellum, seems in the hand-writing of the thirteenth century. It consists of three books, the first treating of the preparation and mixture of colours, the second of glass making, and the third of metallurgy. Eraclius writes "on the Arts of the Romans;" and the MS. is also among those of Trinity College Cambridge, where it is bound up with Theophilus. The process described by the latter seems to be conclusive evidence of the fact that oil was used long before the period generally assigned to the invention. In Chapter XVIII. of the Wolfenbützel, (XX. of the Cambridge MS.) he says, "If you want to redden your doors, you may do it with *linseed oil*, which is to be prepared in this manner. Take *linseed* and dry it over a fire without any water. Then put it into a mortar, and pound it into a fine powder, which must be heated afterwards with some water. Wrap it up in a piece of new cloth, and put it under a press for making olive-nut or poppy oil. With the oil thus pressed from the *linseed*, you mix or grind your red lead or your cinnabar, without adding any water to it (*cum hoc oleo tere minium sive cenobrium super lapidem sine aqua et cum pincello*, &c.); and then you may apply it on the doors or boards which you intend to redden. Let them dry in the sun; paint them over a second time, and dry them in the same manner." This is unquestionably oil-colouring at least, if not oil-paint-

ing as applied to pictures; and it can hardly be supposed that the former without the latter was practised for three centuries. Eraclius gives almost the same recipe in his chapter "*Quomodo apteter lignum aut equum pingatur.*" How to prepare wood for painting: he says, "After having covered and evened it well with wax, whitelead, and brickdust, take whitelead, grind it very minutely with oil (*subtilissime tritum cum oleo*), and apply a thin layer of it wherever a painting of it is intended. An ass's brush made for the purpose will be very useful for laying it on thinly. Then let it dry well in the sun. When dry, apply another and thicker layer in the same manner, yet not too thick. Take care likewise, that there be not too much oil in the mixture; for, in either case, the surface becomes wrinkled."

To the objection, that these are mere sign-post daubings and preparations, there is a complete answer in Theophilus, Cap. XXIII. (Cant. XXV.) in which he distinctly states this process of laying oil colours on in succession, after drying the preceding coat, is tedious and troublesome in figure-painting: "*in imaginibus diuturnum et tediosum est.*" All colours, he adds, may be laid on with gun, except red and white lead and carmine, which must be ground and prepared with the clarified whites of eggs.

When what we stated and the records we produced, in our observations on the painted Chamber, are supported on these grounds, we are convinced that the fair inference will be acknowledged to be, that Oil Painting was well known and practised in England long anterior to the era of Van Eyck, 1410. As we are not so anxious merely to overthrow the theory of Vasari with regard to the invention, as to shew generally that the art was practised before the period he contends for, we shall only mention that Aubertus Miræus, in the *Chronicon Belgicum*, is the first who disputed the originality of John Van Eyck's pretension, and asserted that artists executed Oil Paintings in the Netherlands previous to 1400: he instances a picture in the Franciscan Church at Louvain, the painter of which died in that year. Italian writers (especially Count Malvasia, in 1678), have also since contended for the earlier practice of the art in the Gothic pictures of that country.

Upon the whole, it is probable that the Flemish brothers materially improved, but did not discover this great source of excellence and durability in the art of painting.

With these candid statements derived from Raspe's publication, which has an appendix of the two treatises chiefly referred to, we submit this interesting and important question to our antiquarian and learned readers.

Rome, Nov. 15th.—The academy of S. Luca lately awarded the prize for the annual competition in the class of sculpture, founded by the celebrated Canova, the perpetual president of the academy. Students of all nations are admitted to the competition.

The subject proposed this year was a figure of *St. Sebastian the Martyr*. Two of the statues sent for competition were remarkably fine; one by M. Kessels, of Mac-

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tricht, a pupil of Thorwaldson, the celebrated Danish sculptor; and the other by M. Gondolfi, of Bologna, a pupil of Canova. M. Gondolfi's figure is admirable for the expression of resignation and humility; it composes well in all points of view; M. Kessel's, on the other hand, is superior with regard to the execution, which is firm and bold: it displays remarkable anatomical correctness in the extremities and torso, taste in the draperies, &c.

From the equal merit of these two productions, the professors were embarrassed respecting the decision, and unanimously resolved that the prize should this year be presented both to M. Kessels and M. Gondolfi. M. Canova, from motives of delicacy, declined taking any share in the deliberations of the academy.

POETRY.

[Including the whole in Ivanhoe.]

HEBREW SONG BY REBECCA THE JEWESS.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray,
And oh, where stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long suffering, slow to wrath;
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize,
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

DUET.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

Anne-Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anne-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anne-Marie.
Anne-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding by the sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree;
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anne-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit,
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?

Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures in slumber I prove,—
But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my love.

SONG.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

KNIGHT.

There came three merry men from south, west
and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the widow of Wycomb forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?
The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay!
Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and
by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage
was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?
Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, goth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in
the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There never was a widow could say him nay.

FUNERAL HYMN, BY THE MONKS.

Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant path resign'd
The faded form,
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her mind.
Through paths unknown
Thy soul hast flown,
To seek the realms of woe.
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done below.
In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be!
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.

Each dint upon his hatter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung as fell the twilight hour:

Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle steed;
His spurs, to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!
"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might;
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing and herald tell—
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field of Ascalon!"

"Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd sultan fell.
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow;
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Panim bled.

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

By Friar Tuck.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till
you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.
Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song prick'd
through with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth, save the Barefooted Friar's.
Your monarch?—Pshaw! many a prince has
been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown,
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the greyhood of a Friar?
The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has
gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when
he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.
He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of
plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.
He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the
black pot,
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in
the roire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.
Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil, and the trust of the pope;
For to gather life's roses, unseated by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—This splendid house opened, earlier than usual, on Saturday last, with Mozart's fine opera of *le Nozze di Figaro*, in which a signor Albert made his debut as Figaro. His voice is what the amateurs term a baritone, a high base, and of a good quality; but he does not seem to have surmounted the difficulties which attend the free and flexible utterance of sounds of this genus. We know that it is impossible to twist and coil a ship's cable as you may a whipcord; or, to borrow a comparison more directly from music, to wind up a bell-ropes like a piece of twine; but still there is a degree of management sometimes attained in the *thickest* base, which is at once delightful and wonderful, and which M. Albert has not, to any considerable extent, accomplished. His figure is eminently Flemish for a Frenchman; but that ought not to be strongly objected to a great singer, which was not objected to a great emperor. The other characters were sustained by their former representatives. Ambrogetti is the same lively, inclinable to low comedy, Count as ever; full of fun and frolic, and expending as much animal spirit as would serve for two characters. Madame Bellocchi's Susanna was more chaste and interesting than last season. She seems deeper imbued with the feeling of Mozart; and her style, by being less ornamented, is more suited to the pleasing character of the score in this part. Miss Corri, in the Countess, afforded signs of great improvement in her professional career. In her Cavatina, she displayed firmness of tone and very considerable execution. She is an English singer of infinite merit, and still full of promise. Miss Mori, as the Page, acted and sang with spirit; and Madame Gatti (*i. e.* Mrs. Gattie) late Miss Hughes, Deville (*pro Righi*) and the other persons, in the inferior casts, did as well as we have been accustomed to see these things done. The orchestra continues to be led by Spagnoletti; but a distinguished addition has been made to it by the return of the double bass of Dragonetti. It is altogether full and powerful.

A new ballet, entitled *Le Sultan Geneveux*, followed the opera. A Mr. le Chouque, a Mr. le Blond, and a Mlle. Eliza, whose bust is perfectly *symplic*, severally appeared for the first time. They are not stars of the first magnitude, but possessed of various talents, to render them all agreeable acquisitions to the Corps de Ballet. The ballet itself is a grand oriental exhibition. The theatre was crowded. The same pieces were repeated on Tuesday.

DRURY LANE.—Fortunately our dramatic novelties this week do not require much compass of criticism. We have had the pleasure of seeing a Mrs. Payne in *Lady Teazle* at this theatre. She is a clever actress, but does not fill this part so efficiently as we have been generally accustomed to see it performed. It requires great versatility, and great skill both in the personation of genteel life, and of rustic coarseness: to be the lady and the romp, the person of fashion

and the country girl, and while keeping distinct, to mingle these opposite qualifications, is no easy task, and partial failure in the effort no disgrace. When we see Mrs. Payne in other characters, we shall be able to speak more particularly of her general accomplishments. She is a sister of Miss Mathews, we understand, and familiar with the stage, though it was evident that extreme trepidation impeded the complete display of her qualification on her debut.

Mrs. M'GIBBON.—This lady, whom most of our readers who love the drama must remember a few seasons ago, has again appeared for, we are sorry to say, a very limited number of nights. She has twice played *Imogene*, in *Bertram*. With a small figure, and a rather unimportant face, Mrs. M'Gibbon, by her feeling and energy, but especially by her feeling, contrives to occupy a very large and important place in the eye and mind of the audience. Wherever the character rose to a standard above mediocrity, she imparted all the interest to it, of which it is susceptible; and we have no hesitation in saying, that for general pathos, we do not think she has an equal upon the stage. There is a degree of nature about her expression of sufferings, which reaches the heart; and we recollect, that her Mrs. Haller was one of the most touching pictures we ever witnessed. As pathos, after all, comprehends the finest, if not the most elevated quality of tragic power, we imagine, that essential skill in this department is more evinced by one who affects us the most deeply, rather than by one who fills us with the highest admiration for grandeur and dignity. We therefore accord the palm of very superior excellence to a performer, who, as Mrs. M. does, strikes the heart with every passage which the author enables her to use for that purpose. It is much to be desired, that this lady were fixed upon the London boards.

Mrs. M'Gibbon performed *Desdemona* on Wednesday; her last appearance; but we were prevented from seeing her.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Comedy of Errors continues to delight the musical world, and is indeed a great treat to the lovers of harmony. It acts better too from the practice of the performers; and taken altogether, does honour to the national stage, and consequently, reflects much credit on the managers of this theatre.

The Christmas pantomimes are, Jack and the Bean Stalk, at Drury Lane; Harlequin and Don Quixote, at Covent Garden.

VARIETIES.

New Comet.—M. Blanpain, Director of the Royal Observatory, of Marseilles, discovered, at 5 o'clock, A. M. on the 28th ult., a new comet, as yet invisible to the unassisted eye.

Rousseau (we read in a recent publication), was asked by a friend, how he had become so eloquent. "I have said what I thought," was the reply.

The Journal of the Two Sicilies states, that Vesuvius continues to vomit torrents of

lava, but fortunately, in a direction which does not threaten the country at its base.

Theatrical Anecdote.—The following incident is highly creditable to the new theatrical establishment of Drury Lane. When the Fisherman's Hut was withdrawn, no remuneration was claimed or expected by the author's representative; yet on their first interview, Mr. Elliston presented Mrs. T— with a hundred pounds, which he would fain have pressed on her acceptance. Astonishment at first precluded expostulation or acknowledgment; but the offer was steadily resisted—and for the first time, perhaps, the theatre exhibited the novel scene of a generous contention between a manager and the author's representative.

At Chacewater, about a fortnight since, died Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Ralph. Though she had reached her 21st year, her height was only two feet six inches; she was not at all deformed, but rather well-proportioned. During her life, she was never known to laugh or cry, or utter any sound whatever, though it was evident she both saw and heard; her weight never exceeded twenty pounds.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Southey's *Life of John Wesley*, which has excited so much expectation, will, we understand, be published in January. This month, and the ensuing February, will be productive of great treasures to the literary world,—as many works of the most valuable kind, are in a state of forwardness with the principal publishers of the metropolis.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 16.—Thermometer from 29 to 39.

Barometer from 30, 02 to 30, 19.

Wind W. b. S. E.—Clear till the evening, when it became hazy.

Friday, 17.—Thermometer from 36 to 49.

Barometer from 29, 92 to 29, 60.

Wind S. and S. b. E. 4 and 1.—Generally raining.

Rain fallen .2 of an inch.

Saturday, 18.—Thermometer from 48 to 55.

Barometer from 29, 57 to 29, 92.

Wind S.W. 2.—Cloudy.

Rain fallen .375 of an inch.

Sunday, 19.—Thermometer from 49 to 55.

Barometer from 30, 02 to 29, 96.

Wind S.W. 3.—Cloudy.

Monday, 20.—Thermometer from 50 to 57.

Barometer from 29, 83 to 29, 86.

Wind S.W. 2 and 4.—Cloudy with rain in the morning.

Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Tuesday, 21.—Thermometer from 43 to 51.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 16.

Wind N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$, and W. 2.—Cloudy, with mist most of the afternoon and evening.

Rain fallen .075 of an inch.

Wednesday, 22.—Thermometer from 40 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 86 to 29, 96.

Wind S. W. and W. 2.—Generally cloudy and hazy with rain in the evening. A fine halo from about 10 till 11 in the morning.

Rain fallen .4 of an inch.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

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The extent to which the review of *Ivanhoe* has gone, prevents us from allowing the usual space to our miscellaneous branches, and *Varieties*; but we trust the excuse will be thought sufficient, as we have thus anticipated the publication of a book so ardently looked for.

Our Index has also necessarily superseded the favours of our advertising friends; to whom we take this opportunity of stating, that as we have every week more than our plan permits us to insert, we have directed our publisher to number these without partiality as they are sent in, and print them in the regular order of their priority.

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